EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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READING.

IN these days everybody reads. Books, magazines, and newspapers are within almost everybody's reach. But it is not everybody who reads wisely and for a purpose. Children and young people are apt to read just as they eat, — with no thought of the consequences. Of reading new books Lowell says, —

> "Reading new books is like eating new bread.
> One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
> Is brought to death's door of a mental dispepsy."

But while we know what the indigestion is that is caused by eating unwholesome food, we suffer from mental dyspepsia without knowing it till long afterwards. Certain good rules about reading have been laid down which it would be well for us all to heed.

1. *Select your reading.* Do not read everything that you get hold of. For the young this rule means: Get advice about your reading from those who are older and who know better what is worth reading. If your parents cannot help you, ask your school-teacher or your Sunday-school teacher. Consult a good list of books like Miss Hewins's little book entitled "Books for the Young."

2. *Read what interests you.* There is no profit in reading books which one cannot read with pleasure. But one can become interested in the best books, just as he learns to like the best music or the best pictures. A book must interest us to do us good; but we may become interested in a bad book, just as we are interested in a bad companion or in some game that does us harm. So that this rule leads to another.

3. "*Never read below your tastes.* If a book seems to you in any way poor, coarse, low, or untrue, pass it by." We have to associate sometimes with boys and girls, and with men and women, who are coarse and vulgar, who do us no good. But there is no need of our ever reading a book that will not in some way make us better. So under this rule we may read a novel if it is sweet and healthy in its tone, or a humorous book if its laughter is genuine and good-natured. But too many novels and story-books are now written that are not healthy, simply because their tone is false. They do not hold the mirror up to Nature, or to society, or to individuals as these really are, but give us only the author's notions about a kind of life and kinds of people which do not truly represent human life or human nature. *Be very careful, then, in your reading of works of fiction.* Ask your elders for counsel as to what novels you can read with pleasure and with profit.

4. *Read a variety of books.* The great danger to the young who have access to public libraries comes from their reading only one kind of book, — the story-book. This is like eating only sweets, and passing by the meat and the bread that are the staff of life. If one sets out to read variously he will hardly fail to read much that will inform and invigorate the mind. He will then read much of those English poets and essayists and historians, not to know whose writings is to pass in good society for an uncultivated person. He will pass from the historical novel like "The Abbot" to Green's "History of England," and back again from the history to the historic fiction of a play of Shakspere. Or he will turn next to the interesting biography of some great man of whom he has heard, or to some book of travels which describes the countries and cities where great events have taken place.

These are only a few short rules for our guidance in reading. So far as they go they are like sign-boards that point to the right roads for us to take. How to make the journey delightful and profitable, in other words *how* to read, we may consider at another time.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.

WE are happy to be able to introduce our readers to some new contributors, whose articles appear in this number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. They will certainly welcome the writer of "Hal's Mine," and will read with pleasure her story of child-life among the "Rockies." A new occupant of Uncle Harry's chair tells about "A Caterpillar's Life;" while A. K. gives us a charming biographical sketch. Mrs. Wells, who is *not* a new contributor, tells a new "Golden-Text Story," which has a lesson for every boy and girl, — a lesson of the lovely kind of gratitude and the noble sort of honor which mothers delight to receive. Our artist has engraved for us a specially beautiful picture of the Lion of Lucerne; and "Aunt Lucy," whose eyes seem to see everything that is really worth seeing in the Old World, relates the story of the heroic deed which the stone Lion symbolizes.

HAL'S MINE.

BY MRS. MARY D. THOMPSON.

"AUNT Mary, I want a pulley; do you suppose Grandma 's got one?"

"A pulley! What can a little boy like you want of a pulley?"

"Why, I've got a mine, and of course I've *got* to have a pulley."

"Oh! Ah — yes, I see. I think there is something of the kind out among some old irons in the shed: I'll look by and by."

"Can't you look *now*, Auntie? I want it just *now*."

Of course he did! What small boy of nine ever wanted anything that he did n't want *now?* So I went out to the shelf where Grandma Dean kept all sorts of odds and ends, and hunted up a small iron pulley that had sometime done service in a window-frame. I did not go alone, you may be sure. A boy with a mine on his hands which he is about to develop is not going to neglect business in that way! Hal was right by my side, and his restless fingers were into everything.

No sooner did the pulley appear than he said, "I've got to have two screws and a hammer and a screw-driver, Auntie."

"Well, now, see here, my little man, before we go any farther, I must know where you intend to put up this thing. You must n't go to marring Grandma's house. Where is your mine?"

Hal was a little Colorado boy, born and brought up in a town high up among the mountains, where every one had something or other to do with gold or silver mines; and it was perfectly natural, when he played, that he should be a little miner and have a mine, — just as little boys whose fathers are farmers like to play they have horses and cows and a farm; or little city boys, that they have stores or offices, the same as their papas have.

We were both visitors at his dear old Grandma's, right at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. She had a nice house and a pretty garden, and I supposed somewhere in it Hal had dug a hole with an old case knife, which he had named something (all mines have names), and from which he was taking vast quantities of imaginary ore. So I was hardly prepared for his evasive answer, —

"I won't put it up on the porch, nor anywhere where it will hurt anything."

"Yes, but where will you put it?" I insisted. "Where is your mine?"

"Oh, I'll look round and see where there's a good place where Grandma won't care if I screw this up, and I'll move my mine there!"

"Well, I declare! If you have n't the most wonderful piece of property I ever heard of, — a movable mine!" I said, laughing. "When you get it located let me know, and I'll certainly come and see it!"

With a roguish smile he disappeared around the shed, and I went to my work and soon forgot his play. As I sat sewing with Grandma in the bay window that looked out over roses and green grass to the mountains, among whose sharp peaks a few light clouds were playing hide-and-seek, I had a consciousness of merry voices, and vaguely thought Hal and his sister Ethel and my two little girls, Dot and Bly, who were his playmates, were having a good time; but suddenly there was a rush of small feet, and all four burst into the room with "Mamma! Aunt Mary! Come see Hal's mine!"

I was seized and borne out to the barn, where, on the side of the roof over a shed, was the pulley. Over it ran a cord, to one end of which was tied a small tin-pail which was half full of sand; and a pile of that article which had been brought from some other place lay under the suspended pail.

"See! this is the way we work it."

Hal and Bly disappeared in the barn a moment, then appeared on the shed roof and drew up the pail of sand, emptied it, and lowered the pail to Dot and Ethel, who, seated on the sand-pile by the side of the shed, were supposed to be deep down in the bowels of the earth. They filled it with ore in a surprisingly short time, and then gave a little pull to the cord.

"That 's the signal that the bucket 's full," they explained. "We 're so deep down in the ground they could n't hear us if we shouted all day."

Up went the pail.

"How fine!" I said. "Is it a gold or a silver mine?"

"Oh, its both, and very rich. We expect to take out enough so we can all go to Europe next winter," said Ethel, who had had a real experience of that kind once in her life.

"Indeed! Any shares for sale? What is the name of this valuable property?"

"*You* tell us what to call it, Aunt Mary," cried Hal, from the roof. "The girls want to call it something I don't want."

"Well, I think you had better call it 'The Perfection,' for I can't imagine anything to be desired in a mine which you have n't here. It 's rich, and so accommodating to be movable, so you can work it just where it 's most convenient to put up your machinery!"

"Oh, Aunt Mary!" in a deprecating voice from Ethel, who recognized a little raillery in my voice.

"What would n't those owners of a mine I passed the other day give if they could only move it to a place where it could be worked by something besides donkeys!"

There is a magic for Colorado children in the word donkey; so I was prepared for a scramble through the barn window, and the sudden appearance of Hal and Bly by my side, shouting, —

"Oh, tell us about it! Where was the mine? Was it way up high on a mountain? Were there many donkeys?"

"It was away up beyond Leadville, almost at the top of a mountain so very steep it was not possible to make a wagon-road to it. The only way machinery could be gotten up there, or ore brought down, was on the backs of patient little donkeys. There were a good many of them, and from the road where I was they looked hardly larger than a procession of mice, as they zigzagged up toward the windlass on that dizzy point of rocks."

"Did somebody lead each one, or did they have boys to ride them?" inquired Bly, to whose Massachusetts eyes mining ways were all new.

"Neither, dear. There was not a bridle or even a halter on any of them, and no one either rode or led them. I think there were one or two men with sticks, or something of the kind, somewhere along the line; but for the most part the donkeys seemed to move all by themselves. They climbed way up to the shaft on the mountain, and men there put sacks of ore on their backs and started them down the little narrow, steep trail to the mill. There men unloaded them and started them back up the mountain again."

"Humph!" sniffed Dot, who had never discovered the charm in routine of any kind, "I guess they thought it awful stupid work. I don't believe I 'd have stayed in the trail all the time. I 'd have scampered off among the rocks once in a while, and had a good time! Did their ears look happy, Mamma?"

"Well, no, I can't say that they did. I presume they did n't see the connection between ore and oats; but as their master's mine was there and could n't, like Hal's, be moved, and he wanted them to bring the ore down, I think they were very sensible little beasts to plod patiently and do it. Don't you?"

"Dunno; maybe. But I would n't have plodded. I hate plodding."

"To be able to plod when necessary is a mark of genius, my dear! But I doubt whether those little donkeys ever had a chance to let their wits take much of a rest on that trail; there was too much danger about it. In some places the path seemed cut right into the face of a precipice. The rocks went straight up above them, and almost as straight down for hundreds of feet below them. Any mistake in footing, and some of them must have been dashed to pieces. As for a scamper, — it would have been serious work, even for a sure-footed little donkey in the best places, to have gone far either to the one side or the other of the trail, the mountain side was so steep and rough. I don't believe the friskiest one felt any temptation to try it."

"I guess they were sorry when morning came, if they could n't do anything all the time but just work!"

"Oh, pshaw, Dot!" said Hal. "Donkeys don't know anything hardly at all."

"I'm not so sure about that. Did you ever see one laugh?"

"You mean 'onk-onk-onk!'" And Hal attempted to stand on his head on the sand-pile, while he brayed in the most approved donkey style. The girls' hands went over their ears, and there was a chorus of impatient exclamations.

"Oh, Hal!" I screamed, "I did n't say *hear;* I said *see*."

"See?" he questioned, landing in a sitting posture at my feet, and glancing with great satisfaction at the girls' disgusted faces.

"Yes, *see*. If you will defer playing your menagerie a few minutes, I 'll tell you what I saw a donkey do one time."

His face put on a look of rapt attention in a moment.

"This donkey was one who had been working in a mine very much like the one I have been telling you about, — a mine situated in a very inconvenient place, and not movable! It was evening, and he and a number of his companions were turned loose on a little common. Most of them stood around, their ears kind of lopping most any way they pleased, their eyes half shut, and looking as you said, Hal, as though they did n't know anything and did n't care if they did n't. The one I am telling about looked as spiritless and stupid as any in the lot. Suddenly a little dog ran out of a yard and began barking at him. He did n't move an ear, or open either eye any wider, but just let the dog bark. I thought, 'You poor thing! how worn out you must be not to notice that impertinent little beast!' The dog evidently thought he 'd see whether there was any such thing as waking a donkey up and making him look alive; so he barked as loud as ever he could, and each time he gave a bark he went a little nearer to him, and occasionally gave a snap as though he was going to bite. Still the donkey continued to look sad, stupid, and sleepy. The

dog grew more in earnest, and came still nearer, until he almost touched the donkey's heels. Suddenly one of them flew back: the dog in a doubled-up condition went some feet through the air, and landing, with sharp little ki-ki's, crept through the fence into the yard, and the donkey — if you could have seen his face, I know you would have said he laughed. There was a real twinkle in his eyes, which were wide open the moment his heels went out; and his ears had n't a sign of a lop in them, but seemed to say, 'I 've given that puppy a lesson he 'll remember till he 's a big dog.' "

" Good enough for him," said Ethel, " barking at a poor tired donkey ! "

" What became of the dog ? " asked Hal.

" Really, I don't know; and you won't get to Europe this winter if I stop to guess, and keep you from working on your mine! Good-by! I hope you won't run into *cap* before you have taken out lots of rich ore ! "

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

(See Picture on page 77.)

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

MY DEAR NEPHEW RALPH,— We have just come back from a long walk in this lovely town. We have enjoyed the fine views of the lake and the mountains; we have been to the cathedral and heard the great organ, — one of the largest in the world, and at the same time one of the finest toned, — and we have seen the four bridges which span the Reuss where the swift stream divides the town in two parts. Two of these bridges are covered, like the old bridge you remember near Grandpa's house, but many, many times longer. I was quite tired walking through one, although I had pictures to look at all the way. You will think that very strange. The bridge is very old, built in the twelfth century, and contains one hundred and fifty paintings on the beams of the roof. They represent scenes in the life of the patron saints of Lucerne and events connected with the past history of the town. The other ancient bridge has, also, a set of paintings, called the " Dance of Death." These are pictures of different scenes in life, in every one of which Death, in the image of a skeleton, is present. They are not pretty, but old and curious, and designed to teach that at all times, whether we are at work or play, we are liable to die; but we know that if we try to live good lives we need not be afraid of death.

We also have seen the celebrated Lion of Lucerne; and it is to tell you about it that I have left the pleasant company downstairs. A band of Italian singers have just come in, and they are singing beautifully. I can hear them and write to you at the same time.

The Lion of Lucerne is not a great, shaggy, yellow lion, like the one you saw at the menagerie. He cannot move or roar. He lies very still, with a broken lance in his side. It must hurt the noble animal, for there is a big tear on his cheek and his face is full of pain; but his huge paw still guards the shield by his side, and the whole figure seems to say that he will protect that shield to his last breath.

It is not a real lion, only a monument; but so lifelike, that I am sure that even you, young as you are, would understand its beauty, and say as all do, " Poor fellow ! " The monument is cut in the side of a perpendicular rock of dark gray sandstone, and the lion, twenty-eight feet long, is represented as lying in a grotto. Over the figure we read these words, carved in the rock: *Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti*, which means, " To the faith and valor of the Swiss;" and beneath are engraved the names of many Swiss officers. At the base of the rock is a little pool of water, so clear that the dear old lion might see his face reflected in it if he would raise his head. But he does not open his eyes; he does not see all the men and women standing there in silent admiration, he only thinks of the shield which he knows he must protect, — thinks only of *doing his duty and being true.*

The monument was carved by Lucas Ahorn of Constance, after a model by Thorwaldsen, and was finished in 1821. Now, you want to know why it was made, and who were all the men whose names are below; and to answer that question, I must tell you a story, — but it will be a true story.

About one hundred years ago the king of France was Louis XVI., and the queen was Marie Antoinette. They were a kind-hearted king and queen, and meant to do all they could to make the people of France happy. Louis' father, Louis XV., and all his court had been wicked and extravagant, and the poor people of France had been compelled to pay very heavy taxes to support the government. This caused the people to grow hard, and to hate the king and nobles and all who were in authority over them. When Louis XVI. came to the throne he relieved the people of many of the taxes, and tried to do as they wished him to. But the people were so excited by the wrongs which they had endured that they hated their good king now, and still more their queen, whom they thought especially to blame for all their sufferings. At last they began to think that they would have no king at all, but would make France a Republic like the United States. So they set up a National Assembly, and began to make laws for themselves, and were very cruel to Louis and the queen. One day a mob attacked the palace at Versailles, and the king and queen made their escape to the Tuileries, the royal palace in Paris. When I was at Versailles I saw the little private room belonging to the queen, the balcony where she stood and spoke to the noisy, rough crowd in the courtyard below, and also the narrow, secret stairway down which she made her flight. At the Tuileries they were treated as prisoners, while the poor ignorant people went on growing more and more excited and more and more determined to have Louis and his wife put to death, thinking that they were the cause of all their discontent and unhappiness.

One day another rough mob gathered about the palace and called loudly for the king. He knew that they wanted to kill him; so with his wife and little son, a boy about your age, and who would have been the next king of France, he left the palace and sought the protection of the National Assembly. It is a long, sad story, which you will learn more about when you are older and study history.

Well, all kings have a number of soldiers whose duty it is to protect their person and go with them whenever they are on the street and to see that no one harms them. They are called the Body-guard. King Louis' body-guard were Swiss soldiers in whom he had great confidence, and we shall see how well they kept their trust.

When Louis, with wife and child, left the palace, the Swiss Guard surrounded them, and keeping back the mob marched with them to the hall where the National Assembly were holding a meeting. The larger part of the Guard remained a little way from the hall, still facing the mob, while the others marched to the door of the hall with the king. Louis went in, but the soldiers stationed there, and who were untrue to Louis, forbade the Guard to enter. In the confusion which followed a gun was fired. The Swiss thought it was time to fight for their king, and fired in return. More firing followed, and the little body of Swiss at the door were soon all killed. The remainder of the Guard who were waiting, hearing the noise, sent a messenger to the king to ask what he would have them do. The poor king, good as he was, was weak, and surrounded by enemies as he found himself did not know what to do. He wanted no one killed in his behalf, and thinking to submit was the way to make peace, he sent word to the Swiss Guard to lay down their arms and shed no blood for him. Poor faithful fellows! willingly they would have fought until death for their king; but now that he ordered them to lay down their arms they obeyed, knowing that they were laying down their lives as well. The mob and soldiers fell upon them and soon massacred every one of the eight hundred. It is in memory of these faithful soldiers that the Lion of Lucerne was carved.

Now you will understand what it means. I hope Father has a picture of it to show you. The lion represents the Swiss soldiers, and the shield which he holds under his paw, and which has on it the Bourbon lily, stands for the French king and nation. The broken lance and the great drops of blood trickling from the gash show that he is fatally wounded. Still he does not, will not, desert his trust. He will guard that shield until he is dead!

What a grand lesson it teaches us all, — FAITHFULNESS UNTO DEATH! My little nephew will learn what this means by being always trusty and true, — doing the right thing, and doing it every time. Good-night, little man. God make you brave and strong in everything that is good !

AUNT LUCY.

TRUST AND OBEY.

MISS HAVERGAL tells a story in verse of a young girl named Alice, whose music-master insists upon her practising very difficult music. To Alice it seems cruel that she may not play easy pieces, like other girls. The chords are difficult, and the melody is subtile. Her hand wearies, her cheek flushes, and with clouded brow she makes a protest. The master will not yield, and she writes home to her father, who answers kindly but firmly, that her teacher knows best. " Trust and obey," is her father's advice. Persuaded to try again, she at length learns thoroughly one of Beethoven's sonatas.

Years afterward, at a brilliant assembly of musical artists, when a gentle twilight fills all hearts with thoughts of peace, Alice is invited to play some suitable strains. She selects the very piece that was once so difficult, but which, thoroughly learned, has never been forgotten. She plays it with pure and varied expression, secures the rich approval of one of the masters of song, who confesses that even to him Beethoven's music had never seemed so beautiful and so suggestive as in her rendering.

Many a hard task may yet come to both boys and girls. Let them also " trust and obey," and little by little they likewise may become interpreters of life's holiest music.

YOU cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Our Letter-Box.

We wanted to know what the boys could do. See how quickly they have responded: —

Dear Mr. Editor, — Instead of writing you a letter, I thought I would send you the first poem I ever wrote without any help. The name is —

COASTING ON THE SNOW.

"Oh, see, the snow is falling —
Oh, see quick!" Johnny cries;
"The snow is falling downward,
From far up in the skies.

"And now I will get out my sled,
To coast upon the snow;
And then how nicely I will ride,
And quickly I will go!"

"But wait till the storm is over,
And then you may go out,
And take your sister with you,
And play and frolic about."

"Oh, Mamma, let me go out now!
For, see! the storm is through,
And I will take my sister out,
And she will frolic, too."

Please put this in the Letter Box.

Willie Seaver.

Scituate, Mass.

Dear Mr. Editor, — I thought that I would write a story for the Every Other Sunday: —

Frank is a little boy. He has some pets. He has a duck and a chicken and some puppies and a dog, and two rabbits in a cage. Frank is a good boy, and he goes to school; and he is a good boy in school, and he minds his teacher, and he gets his lessons right off. Frank plays with his pets. He dresses his puppies up, and plays keep-house, and plays take them to walk and to ride, and makes calls on his mamma with his pets. He feeds his pets, and takes care of them. He makes their beds, and he washes them in the morning. He has a basket with some straw in it for his puppies.

Cleveland Allen, 7 years old.

We have, besides, another letter from Aiken, and one from a little girl who lives in far-off California, and who would like Every Other Sunday to come *every* Sunday. Does any one know how that can be managed?

Los Angeles, Dec. 10, 1885.

Dear Mr. Editor, — I thought perhaps you would like to hear from our City of the Angels. That is what "Los Angeles" means in Spanish; but I don't really think they are all angels. I go to the Unitarian Sunday-school. Our Superintendent is the dearest old man I know. I belong to the Band of Hope, too. So do my little brothers Hal and Joe. I like your Every Other Sunday very much. I wish it was Every Sunday. I read all the stories to my little brothers, when we go upstairs to go to bed. They are nice to go to sleep on. My hand is very tired. Good-night. I am nine years old. I have a dear Uncle Herbert living in Boston.

Pearlie Gleason.

Aiken, S. C., Dec. 10, 1885.

Dear Friend, — I am going to write and tell you about some of the animals on the farm. We have one horse, and she is quite slow. One day we were going to the town, and on the top of a hill part of the harness came unfastened. The horse stopped instantly, and we fastened it and went on. We all ride horseback on her except our youngest brother, who is five years old. When we want her to canter she grunts and whines. We had two more horses; one was black, and the other gray. The black one is named Midnight, and we were very sorry to have him sold. We used to ride horseback on him. We had a dog whose name was Blanco, and Father brought him home in his coat-pocket when he was a little pup. Father said he would dare to leave him in the kitchen over night with a piece of meat on the table. I am twelve years old. Good-by.

Jennie.

CHARADE I.

When games are even, then my first is heard;
My second is a busy, buzzing insect;
An article of food you 'll find my third;
My fourth, with royal burden, went direct
Up to Jerusalem, — by throngs attended
That strewed green branches ever in the way,
For him who on a swift-approaching day
Should die on Calvary's height, all undefended.
My whole was named for one who ruled great Rome,
Once a great city, — now few call it home.

ENIGMA V.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 11, 9, 7, 1 is noisy.
My 4, 3, 17, 1 is light soil.
My 8, 9, 10, 17, 12 is an injury.
My 4, 3, 20 is to assert.
My 13, 14, 15 is to lie on.
My 19, 10, 2, 5 is the sign of a dangerous place.
My 15, 16, 8, 17 is not up.
My 17, 6 is a word in the negative.
My 18, 17, 15 is a conclusion.
My whole is a valuable Rule.

Faith.

CHARADE II.

I am a part of every well-made wheel;
I am a verb which labor makes us feel;
And yet, I 'm neither, — no, but a city great,
My name once synonym of earthly power and state;
Yet now about my palaces and o'er my ruined walls
The restless sea flows in and out, the heron harshly calls.

Little five-year-old was riding to Boston on the Boston and Albany railroad. When the breakman called the station "Cottage Farm," the wide-awake boy exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! is n't this the farm where they make *cottage pudding?*"

"Señor," said Jack, "the best way to punish one's self for doing ill seems to me to go and do good."

To-morrow is the day on which idle men work and fools reform.

For Youngest Readers.

EFFIE'S TOP.

BY ELIZABETH J. SCOTT.

"A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another."

LITTLE Effie Greene was sitting on Aunt Mary's lap listening to her. "Aunt Mamie," she said, "does that mean that I ought to love *everybody*, even naughty people? Do you want me to love Micky who does errands at the farm, and who teased poor Carlo so yesterday? I 'm sure I don't love him. He is as cross as can be; and he would n't climb up and get that bunch of grapes you wanted yesterday when I asked him."

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Mamie, "that is just what it means. You need not love the things that Micky does, you know, but you can be sorry that he does them and want him to be better; and if you try to make him happy when you can, perhaps he will try to make other people happy in his turn. Poor Micky has had a hard life, I think. He has n't any mother, and I am afraid no one has made him see how naughty it is to do such a thing as tease poor Carlo."

"Oh, dear," said Effie, "it 's dreadfully hard to be good. Micky wanted me to lend him my top this morning, and I said he was a horrid boy and he should n't have it; and then he growled, — oh, awfully! You don't know how he can growl when he wants to frighten me, — it 's just like a bear."

"Well, dear," said Auntie, "that was certainly unkind of him; but if he is disagreeable, that isn't any reason why you should be."

"No, I s'pose it is n't," said Effie; "but somehow it always makes me want to be."

"And don't you suppose that your being cross in your turn makes him crosser?" Aunt Mamie smiled, and Effie smiled too, and saying,

"Well, I 'll go and tell him he can have the top now," scrambled down and ran off.

"Oh, Micky!" she cried, "here 's my top; you may have it after all, only please be careful of it."

Micky did n't say "thank you," but he looked so pleased as he took it from her that Effie was very glad that she had done it.

"I 'm glad you like it," she said, with a little skip. "And won't you please go up the ladder and get me that nice bunch of grapes for Aunt Mamie?"

"Hoh!" said Micky, "I thought you must want something of me, or you would n't have been so mighty pleasant all of a sudden."

"O Micky, that is n't the reason; indeed it is n't. You need n't get me the grapes."

"Oh, I 'll get them," said Micky; "that 's only fair if you lend me the top; only you need n't expect me to feel quite so much obliged, you know." And nothing Effie said could make him think differently.

But when she went slowly back and told Aunt Mamie about it, Auntie said, as she kissed her, "I 'm sorry, too, Effie dear. But then *you* know that you have tried to be kind even if Micky does n't; and if you yourself know that you have done right it is n't any great matter what other people think."

"Yes, I know," said Effie, thoughtfully; "and it does make me feel so happy to know that I 've tried to be good. But still, Auntie, I 'm glad that I have you to tell all about it."

HELVETIORUM FIDEI

AC

VIRTUTI.

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

Specially Engraved for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY by W. CORTHELL.

For Description, see page 75.

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Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A CATERPILLAR'S LIFE.

BY MISS H. E. FREEMAN.

STROLLING along the roadside one bright summer morning I saw a butterfly before me, hovering, not from flower to flower, but from leaf to leaf of some low-growing poplar shoots. It rested just a second on the tip of one leaf, and then a second on the tip of another, and did not light upon any other plant. No honey to be found there! The creature must be after something besides food this morning!

I noted carefully the leaf upon which it lit, and when it had flown to the next, approached to see what could have attracted it. At first glance I saw nothing. But a second look showed me what I had already guessed would be found there. Just at the very tip of the pointed leaf was an egg, about the size of a pin's head. On all the leaves which the butterfly had touched an egg was to be found just at the tip. And only on the poplars! — what a good botanist this butterfly was! It knew that the little caterpillar which would come from this egg would not eat maple, or blackberry, or elm, but poplar leaves only.

Of course, I knew that my eyes were so made that I could see only half the wonders of this little thing, and if I wanted to know all its beauties I must have the help of glass eyes. I therefore cut off the branches containing the leaves on which the caterpillar had deposited its eggs, and carried them home. When the eggs were put under a lens they were seen to be all made up of six-sided cells, as regular and beautiful as those of a honeycomb, with a little spine at each angle. Their general outlines were quite like those of a raspberry. The color was at first green, but soon grew dark.

As the eggs grew darker I watched carefully; and as one grew very dark, I put the leaf upon which it was attached under my lens again. A movement was to be seen within the transparent cell; then a chip, and a chip, and actually the little creature was eating its way out! When the hole was large enough it crawled quite out, and then ate all the remaining shell; then it rested, extending itself upon the midvein. After a little it began to feed upon its real food, the green leaf. First a little on one side of the vein, and then a little on the other, but not a bit of the vein did it eat. Perhaps that part of the leaf was too tough; but perhaps there was a better reason, which we must find out. More and more did it eat on either side, and longer and longer grew the vein, which now seemed like a tiny brown stick. On that the caterpillar always rested when it was not feeding, and as it was dull colored you can well understand that it would take a sharp-sighted bird to see any dainty morsel there which might be had for the snapping. But as the caterpillar grew larger it became too heavy for the little vein. It then lived higher up on the leaf, and rested always with its head twisted on one side.

After a few weeks of feeding, this caterpillar became an inch and a quarter long, and then left the leaves to search for some place where it might change to a chrysalis. This it did by hanging itself up by the tail in the usual manner.

Now, if this change from the grub to the chrysalis state happens to be in July, the butterfly comes out in from ten to twelve days. But if it takes place in September, the insect lives in the chrysalis state all winter, and does not appear on the wing till June. This butterfly is dark orange, with black veins and borders to the wings, and is known in scientific books as the *Limeiutis Misippus*.

Golden-Text Stories. — No. 9.

BETTER THAN CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. KATE GANNETT WELLS.

"And the whole house was filled with the odor of the ointment."

CHRISTMAS had come and gone, leaving the children quite rich, for each of them had received money, besides other gifts. Now, what was to be done with their wealth? This must be decided while the Christmas candy still remained to sweeten discussion. So the children drew their chairs around the fire, and with their fingers diving every few moments amid chocolates and nougat, they began to plan for the future.

John, long-headed and prudent, wished to put his money in the Bank, because, as he said, his father might at any time lose his salary, and then it would be convenient to have something of his own for concerts or clothes, if necessary. Katy wanted a desk fitted up with sealing-wax, candles, and postage stamps, with plenty of time allowed her to take impressions from all the seals she could get; whereupon John laughed at her, and told her that she always put the wax into the flame, so that the impression was black and uneven, when suddenly it occurred to them that Dick had not spoken.

"What are you going to have?" asked they, almost together.

"Oh, I don't know, exactly," he answered.

"Yes, you do," said John, "you 've got a plan. I know it by your wriggling."

"Well, I was thinking I should like to get something for mother; she has n't anything."

"Why, yes, she has," replied John; "she 's got all she wants, she always says so. What could you get?"

"I told you I don't exactly know; but she is our mamma, and she looks tireder than other boys' mammas, and I wish she had pretty things, and then perhaps she would n't seem so weary."

"Why, yes, she would," answered John. "Mothers always have to work, anyway. Besides, she has papa, and if we behave ourselves she 's all right."

"That is n't enough," said Dick. "That picture of her when she was a girl makes her look like other people; and she 's got to again."

"I know what you mean," exclaimed Katy. "She has n't laces and fixings, — they would hide the hollows; and she has n't time to have a dressmaker, and — oh, I see it all, and I know how queer I feel; and yet how I love her too!"

"Why, mother does n't care," said John. "She 's mother, anyway; we all respect her and mind her, and make her happy. Then it is father who ought to fix her up."

There was a long silence, which Katy broke by saying, "Father is too tired to care; but never mind, let us go shopping to-morrow and" —

Just then came callers, and the conversation was interrupted but not forgotten; for the next day when Katy and Dick returned with their bundles, they met John shovelling the snow with an aggrieved air.

"You might have told a fellow," said he, "what you were going to do, and I might have gone shares; but I still say that if we behave ourselves, it is all the honor mother wants. What have you bought?"

"Wait till after tea," shouted Katy, running up the steps.

Tea-time came, and how nicely everything tasted, and how bright papa appeared! But mamma, though pleasant, looked tired, for she had been working all day, and John was very sober. As soon as supper was over Dick insisted upon blindfolding his mother, and told her not to ask any questions. Then he put her in a chair and pushed her in front of the mirror, and Katy wound a pretty Breton lace scarf round her mother's neck, and threw a blue shawl across her shoulders, and took out two or three hairpins which loosened her hair just enough to make it fall back softly from her forehead; and then Dick unbound the handkerchief, and mother saw in the glass, not only her forgotten self, but also her three children and her husband laughing or crying, and she heard John say, "Why, she is just like the picture after all!" In a minute he ran away, but came back and squeezed something into her hand, whispering, "I thought our behaving decently was all you cared for, and so I was going to put my money in the Bank; but it is a great deal more fun to see you look so pretty." Then the father put half-a-dozen six-button kid gloves in her lap and told her she was young again.

"That 's what you are always going to be," said Dick, looking at her with loving pride. And that evening was happier than Christmas had been.

Did papa overhear the children's talk?

History and Biography.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"The most worthy and brave knight."

BY A. K.

WHEN Sir Philip Sidney was twelve years old his father received two letters from him, — one in Latin, the other in French, — and in return wrote him a long letter, which is so excellent and delightful that I wish I could quote the whole, for the advice would help every boy to imitate the noble character of this soldier, statesman, and gentleman. This one sentence will show the spirit of the whole letter: "Above all things, tell no untruthe, — no, not in trifels; . . . for there cannot be a greater reproche to a gentellman than to be accounted a lyare." His mother, in a postscript, urges him not to fail to read this letter over once in four or five days, and at the close says tenderly: "Farewell my little Philip; and once again, the Lord bless you! Your loving mother, Marie Sidney."

Perhaps this letter may have helped to form a character so noble and unselfish that, although he did not perform any wonderful exploits, his daily life was so near perfection that his name is still almost a household word in England, and is used even by modern writers to illustrate any excellence in mind or character. You may remember an allusion to him in one of Miss Alcott's bright stories.

Surrounded as Queen Elizabeth was by brilliant statesmen and accomplished courtiers, she distin-

guished the chivalrous Sidney as "the jewel of her times;" and when, in the summer of 1585, Sir Francis Drake planned a second expedition to this country, and Sidney desired to associate himself with it and to equip from his own purse a naval and land armament, she prevented his leaving her service. She had recently admitted him to her Privy Council and conferred on him the honor of knighthood. Before Drake started, a peer came post-haste to offer Sidney the governorship of Flushing, which he accepted.

But his career was brief. He received his death-wound at Zutphen, and in the agony of his suffering still showed the generosity and unselfishness which characterized his whole life. Thirsty from loss of blood, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the cup to his mouth a dying soldier was carried past, who cast his eyes longingly towards it. Sir Philip perceived this, and without tasting the water himself gave it to the poor man with the words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." In this dreadful battle he had seen his friend Lord Willoughby surrounded by the enemy and in imminent danger. Dashing forward, he rescued his friend, but received his own mortal wound. Sixteen days after, at the early age of thirty-two, this gentle poet and brave soldier passed in perfect resignation from this earth. During his sickness he discoursed to his friends with faith and hope upon his belief in the immortality of the soul; and when he knew that he was dying said, "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world."

Sir Fulke Greville, on whose tombstone was inscribed, —

> "Servant to Queen Elizabeth,
> Counsellor to King James, and
> Friend of Sir Philip Sidney," —

as though he wished to be remembered for the affection existing from their school-boy days between Sir Philip and himself, — writes that "his chief ends were not wife, children, nor himself, but above all things the honor of his Maker and the service of his country."

The most renowned of Sir Philip Sidney's writings are the "Arcadia" and "Defence of Poesy." Two short extracts from the former will show that unlike most philosophers, who often do not practise what they preach, he was both noble in thought and action: —

"Prefer your friend's profit before your own desire."

"Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life."

Teachers' Department.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

THE subject debated at the December meeting of the Union was, "Helps in Sunday-school Work Outside of Teaching." A paper was first read by the Rev. E. R. Butler, of the Warren-street Chapel, Boston. He spoke of the Rev. Chas. F. Barnard, who was his teacher when a boy, and of what he did to endear himself to his pupils and to influence their lives outside of the regular Sunday-school work. Mr. Barnard took his young people to the Athenæum Art Gallery, introducing them to good art and helping them to understand it. Once he invited his class in to see a night-blooming cereus, which was to the essayist a never-forgotten sight. Many Saturday afternoons were spent by the pupils in visiting collections of curiosities. Mr. Barnard also took pains to interest them in the great men of the day, — Webster, Choate, and others. Another Sunday-school teacher connected with the Warren-street Chapel was musical, and gave the pupils opportunities to hear fine music. Still another took them to the theatre, to hear Charlotte Cushman, Macready, and others. At times the children were taken into the country on long trips, where they studied mineralogy and botany, and brought home not only a little science, but a good deal of the benefit of physical exercise. One teacher gave his class free tickets to Braman's bath-houses. All these things were mentioned to show what might be done by the Sunday-school teacher; and the speaker testified from his personal experience of the greater mutual interest and help that resulted from such work. Mr. Butler told the story of a lady teacher who had interested herself very much in her class of girls, and of the remarkable effect her tastefully arranged parlors, into which the class were often invited, had upon one of the scholars; for when this pupil grew up and was married, those ideal parlors of her teacher's house were copied, and their furnishings retained amid all the changing fashions of the day. In closing, Mr. Butler spoke of the mechanical helps kept for use in his Sunday-school, — a microscope, telescope, and camera-obscura. These were used on certain afternoons when the pupils came to assist in some work, — to put the flower-beds in trim, or to cover library-books. He also mentioned some of the many kinds of "outside work" which are now employed at the Warren-street Chapel, — Thanksgiving and Christmas celebrations, as well as the festivals of Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July, deportment classes and dancing classes, singing schools, clubs to visit the Art Galleries, outings for some children through the "Country Week," invalids' rides obtained from the Young Men's Christian Union, etc. Mr. Butler's address was extremely interesting, teeming with suggestions for every Sunday-school teacher who heard it.

The next paper was read by Miss Kate L. Brown, of Reading, and we hope to give our readers an abridgment of it in our next number.

The Hon. J. H. Hardy, of Arlington, one of the judges of the Boston Municipal Court, followed Miss Brown. He had prepared no paper, but spoke without notes and very much to the interest of the meeting. He suggested that perhaps Unitarians had treated the subject of Sunday-school work too lightly; that the Sunday-schools did too much *as schools* for the mere entertainment of the scholars. Other denominations press the truth home strongly to the individual pupil's mind and conscience. He did not believe in using Sunday-school hours for teaching the sciences. The time is short enough at the best. Let us enforce the teachings of the Gospels, — the lessons taught in the Parables and the Sermon on the Mount. Do not spend too much time on "Concerts." Draw out your scholars to talk of their own feelings. If they are sick, call on them. Personal interest is all important. Visit the parents and talk with them about their children and the Sunday-school lessons. Don't let the Sunday-school become a playground, but make it a Bible-school, and see to it that the great truths of the New Testament are taught to every pupil.

Mr. S. Brainard Pratt, the President of the Congregational Sunday-school Superintendents' Union, was the next speaker. He had been much interested in the papers, especially that of Miss Brown. He thought Sunday-school pupils liked to see a *courage* of faith on the part of their teachers, and told an interesting story of the power of a word fitly spoken to one who was going on in the downward path. A Sunday-school teacher who had a genuine "love of souls" was enabled, by speaking the right word in the right way, to bring into the church and into the work of the Sunday-school a man who but for that word would have wrecked his own and others' happiness by his dissipations.

Mr. Richard C. Humphreys felt that earnestness was the great need. Methods of action could not be given the teacher. The earnest and really interested teacher would find out the means for himself.

Rev. C. W. Wendte thought the lessons in the Sunday-school of secondary importance to the religious *atmosphere* of the school. That should be one of love and faith. As for rituals, he hoped the schools would go a little slow. While the church service is as simple as it now is, it would hardly do to cultivate to excess these ritualistic tastes in the child which might lead him to go elsewhere in later years. Mr. Wendte also spoke eloquently of the influence of natural beauty on a child as an avenue through which the thought of God reaches the young mind.

Rev. Brooke Herford said that he did not like to be on the watch to make *Unitarians*. He wanted only to be on the watch for *souls*. He thought the teachers should get into the homes of the scholars, and learn of their surroundings and their interests. He was not so sure of the value of a Confirmation-service or of a liturgy for school or church. It looked too much like a refuge of weakness. He wanted the power and awfulness of religion felt by the teacher and scholar, and the teacher to be such a friend to the scholar that the pupil would naturally turn to his teacher when the time of the new life of the soul is reached and the heart is seething with that great religious experience.

Mr. C. H. Wilson rose to add one more suggestion for outside work, and spoke of a teacher in his school who took her class to Boston to the Children's Mission to see the children there. Such a visit increased the pupils' interest in the monthly penny contribution for that Mission, and there was a gain also to the pupils in the proper understanding of the brotherhood of all mankind.

The Secretary, Mr. Spaulding, then told of some things that were to be done in a certain Sunday-school at this Christmas time. One class of girls was to prepare the dinner for a poor family, — one pupil to cook the turkey, another to make the bread, etc., and all this in a quiet way under the teacher's guidance, — a real Christmas giving. Another class was to clothe a poor family. He also told of a Sunday-school superintendent who not only looks after the absentees and visits the sick, but also keeps a list of the birthdays of all the pupils, and sends some little gift to each scholar. This superintendent keeps a record of the church-attendance of the members of his Sunday-school.

The Rev. G. A. Gordon was the last speaker. He thought that all pastors should be superintendents; not because they would make any better superintendents than the laymen, but because it was really the only opportunity the pastor could have to become religiously acquainted with the children of his parish. While the study of sacred history and geography was good so far as it went, he would insist that the teacher and scholar should always sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of the Great Teacher.

Our Question-Box.

Do you think a Sunday-school library should be only for pupils under twelve?

If a school has money enough for a general library and for a teachers' reference library besides, there is no good reason why the older pupils should not take books with the rest. A Sunday-school library is supposed to be selected on the principle of having only good and improving books in it. Such books, especially the newer ones, are not too numerous even in the most highly favored communities. A Sunday-school teacher should direct to a certain extent the reading of his pupils; and it would certainly be well if some of the books recommended in this way could be found in the Sunday-school library. Boys and girls from twelve to eighteen doubtless find books enough to read of a certain sort; but there is always room for more privileges

to be given to youth in the higher ranges of literature.

What is the best way to group children in Sunday-school classes?

Almost any way is better than to group them according to social position. Let equality of privilege, the corner-stone of our public-school system, be specially emphasized in the Sunday-school. Let rich and poor, "high and low," meet together in the same classes. The *age* of pupils is of course a good general rule to go by. But follow, as far as possible, mental aptitudes. Ascertain also what preparation for the special class-study each pupil has previously had.

Is it not a mistake to urge persons who have no taste or fitness for it to undertake Sunday-school teaching?

It all depends on what is meant by taste and fitness, and who is the judge in the case of each individual. The plea of want of taste and fitness is too often urged to cover want of inclination and unwillingness to practise self-denial. Certainly these two classes of persons *ought* to have fitness for teaching in the Sunday-school, — namely, parents and school-teachers. No parent fulfils his nearest duty who is not, to a certain extent at least, the moral and religious teacher of his own children; and what he can do for them he can do for others. No school-teacher is worthy of his position who is not interested in the moral and religious welfare of his pupils. But there are many others besides parents and school-teachers who might, if they only would, become useful teachers in the Sunday-school. The mistake is too often made by superintendents of not fitting the teacher to the class, — trying to make the square block go into the round hole. But the real hindrance to a full supply of Sunday-school teachers is indifference to the work on the part of so many persons in our churches. The servants who bury their "talent" in the earth or hide their "pound" in a napkin abound in all our congregations.

Some one has said that ten questions are enough for any one lesson. Is this so?

Some one might as well say that the minister should treat the subject of every sermon under only two heads. The lesson itself, the interest and preparation of the pupils, and the teaching ability of the teacher are the variable factors in every recitation; and ten questions may be too few or too many, according to the changing conditions of the lesson-hour.

NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

LESSON CALENDAR. — No. 17. Gratitude. No. 18. Not Peace, but a Sword.

Gratitude. In a little volume by the Russian novelist Tourguenieff, entitled "Poems in Prose," the author imagines a banquet in the azure halls of heaven. All the virtues were invited to it, — none but the virtues; so there were no men, only women. The smaller virtues were more agreeable and amiable than the great; but all seemed in good spirits, and conversed very politely with one another, — all but two very beautiful ladies, who did not seem to know each other at all. The host taking one lady by the hand led her up to the other. "Benevolence," said he, pointing to the first; "Gratitude," added he, introducing the second to her. Both virtues were surprised to make each other's acquaintance.

The truth in this little satire is the unwelcome fact that men do not show enough gratitude to those who bear good-will to them and confer benefits upon them. Yet personal gratitude is an essential element of love. Thank-offerings proceed from affection, and at the same time increase its sum. Nowhere is the virtue of gratitude a fairer form or a more welcome presence than in the home, and no words "of tongue or pen" can be sadder than those of King Lear, —

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child!"

Not Peace, but a Sword. This lesson affords the teacher an opportunity for explaining the real service to which a "Christian Soldier" is called, — the nature and method of moral warfare. Even a child can "bear his testimony," as the Quakers say, against wrong-doing. The limitations to this duty are clearly set forth in Lesson IV. on "Judging Others." But there are evils in every community which are so glaring that they properly fall under universal censure. Only active and aggressive goodness will overcome them. In their presence every true man resolves that however little he may do towards pulling down their strongholds, his own life shall be so brave and faithful that society shall be purer in tone, simpler in habits, more loyal to the right, because of his being a member thereof.

Let the teacher dwell on the manly courage of Jesus in the work he was called to do in the midst of a world that was hostile to the truth which he brought. And just here it may be that the teachers of boys will find the way to make them followers, in some sense, of the Man of Nazareth. For as the Rev. E. A. Abbott well says in his "Hints on Home Teaching:" "Many boys can be induced to feel a *loyalty* to Christ as their Leader in the battle against evil; and it is therefore in this character of a Champion that the teacher should strive to present him." To influence American youth to do their part in the moral warfare which the good are still called upon to wage, the history of the struggle against slavery is full of inspiring lessons.

Our Book Table.

NOTE. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, 7 *Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

ITALIAN POPULAR TALES. Translated from the Italian by Professor Thomas Frederick Crane, A.M., of Cornell University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 389. Price, $2.50.

Professor Crane has done very thorough work in this book. He has striven to give in it all the folk-stories of the Italians, — fairy and nursery tales, legends, ghost-stories, and jests. The author makes a distinct separation of what he calls *popular* and *literary* stories, — the former handed down by word of mouth for generations before being caught by some book-maker; the latter, fancies of those who write. He gives us in this book only the "popular" tales. We were much surprised to find a suggestion of the "Peterkin Family," which we supposed to be something wholly modern. Some stories, also, in which Dante is sometimes said to be an actor were new and amusing. The indexes are full and exhaustive. For the student Professor Crane has written a valuable book. For the children fairy tales and legends will always have an attraction whatever be the form they are printed in; and the numerous references, etc., will not hinder them from poring over this interesting volume.

SUNDAY STORIES. By the Rev. H. N. Brown. Boston: Unitarian Sunday-School Society. Paper covers. pp. 220. Price, 50 cents.

This book is a collection of stories taken from discourses delivered by Mr. Brown before the children of his parish. The stories are not only remarkably ingenious as tales, but are most charmingly told, and illustrate in a delightful manner the lessons the writer seeks to inculcate. No book could be better for use in the Sunday-school by those teachers who wish, in such manner, to supplement the teachings of their lesson-books. The book will also be found of great service to mothers who gather their children about them for Sunday readings. The inexpensive form in which it is now published brings it within the reach of all.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and members of Adult Classes.

THE IDEA OF GOD AS AFFECTED BY MODERN KNOWLEDGE. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 173. Price, $1.00.

THE THOUGHT OF GOD IN HYMNS AND POEMS. By Frederic L. Hosmer and William C. Gannett. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Paper covers. pp. 132. Price, 50 cents.

IT is significant that these two books come from the press at the same time. The "Thought of God" is finding fresh utterance in philosophy, no less than in poetry. "The thinker," Dr. Dewey once said, "is nearer to the source of thought than aught beside;" and the Hebrew seer's exultant cry, "O God. Thou art *my* God!" is echoed through the ages in the poet's rapturous strains. But the thinker of to-day justifies the idea of God from the indications of modern science and the "new philosophy," and thus not only shows the validity of the idea, but adds new meanings thereto. While our "Bible Classes" might study to great advantage the lucid exposition of Mr. Fiske, the Sunday-school teacher who desires to strengthen the consciousness of God in the minds of his pupils would be specially helped by this informing and inspiring volume.

The charming little book of poems by "F. L. H.," and "W. C. G.," we can cordially commend to our readers. Several of the hymns by both these writers will be found set to music in our new S. S. Service Book and Hymnal; but there are many more, and many poems as well, that will be new to most readers. "F. L. H." seems to us the better hymn-writer, — a later Whittier and Faber combined, baptized into the deepest religious spirit of the living present. "W. C. G.'s" poems need here no word of praise from one who has had only loving admiration for the poet and his verse since the days of college friendship and early enthusiasms. The tone of most of his poetry is no echo, but the distinctive note of personal experience, aspiration, and faith. There are lines in his poems in this collection that linger in the mind like remembered music and shape the fresh ideals of a nobler mode of daily living.

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